



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE COMICS

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I.C.C.
12

DECEMBER
NO. 129

STILL 52 PAGES

10



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



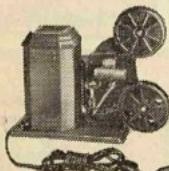
BLIMPY



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GIVEN GIVEN



53rd YEAR

ACT
NOW



BE FIRST

ACT
NOW

PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION

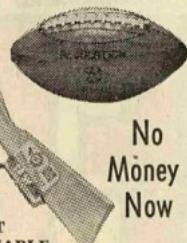
Boys
Girls

MAIL COUPON



Ladies
Men

BE FIRST
WE ARE RELIABLE



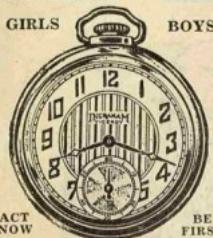
No
Money
Now

We
Trust
You

GENUINE 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS

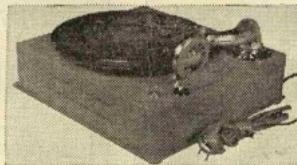


ACT
NOW



PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

School Boxes, Excellent tone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superhet-cards, Radio Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.

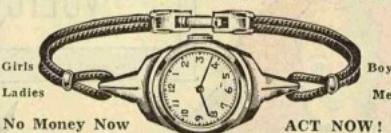


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Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.



PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN



Girls Boys
Ladies Men

ACT NOW!

Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.

Mail Coupon Today

WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME AGE

ST. R.D. BOX.....

TOWN ZONE No. STATE.....

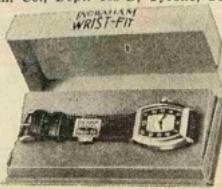
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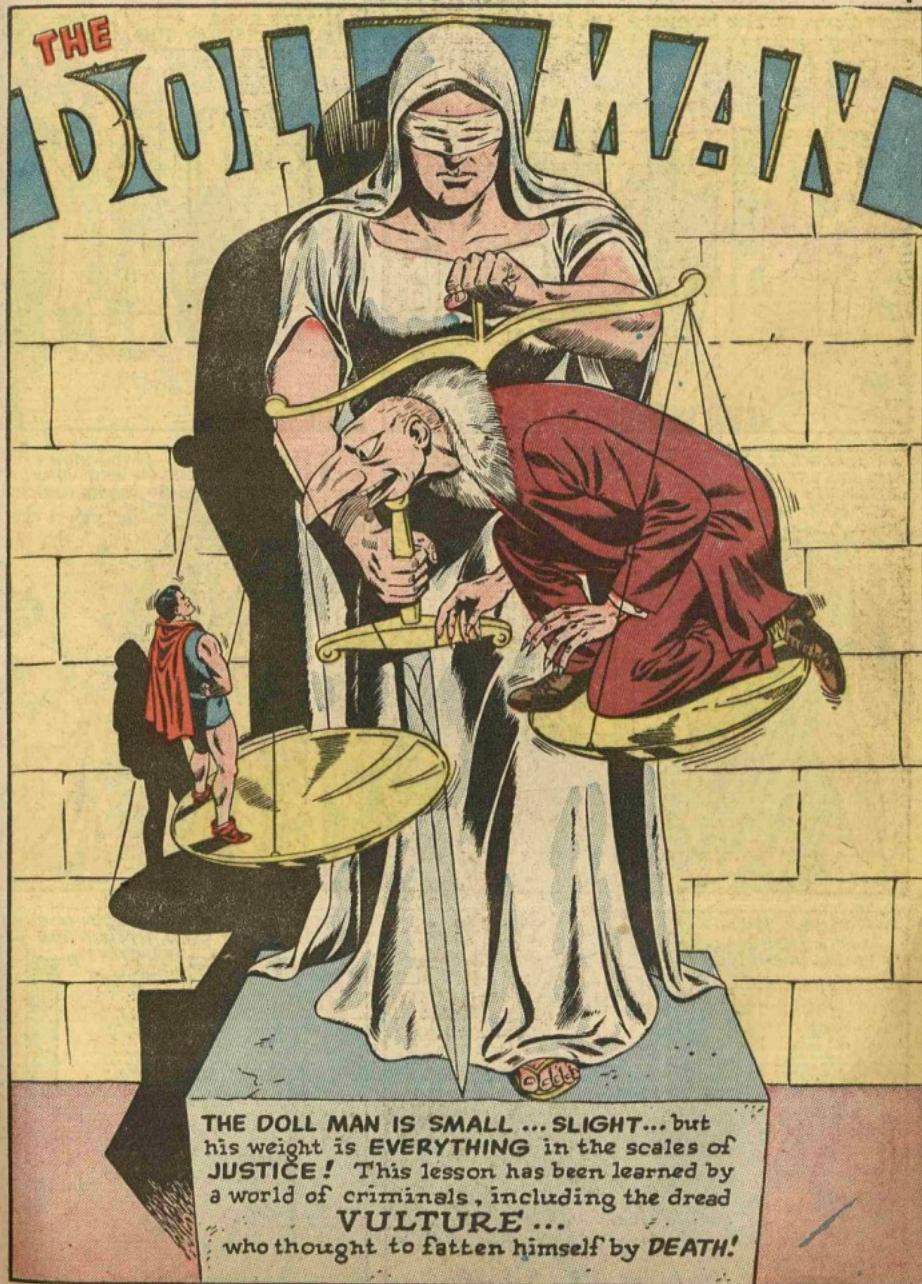
Write or paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope



ACT
NOW

NO
MONEY
NOW





THE DOLL MAN IS SMALL ... SLIGHT... but
his weight is EVERYTHING in the scales of
JUSTICE! This lesson has been learned by
a world of criminals, including the dread
VULTURE ...
who thought to fatten himself by **DEATH!**

FEATURE COMICS

Evening, at the home of Dr. Roberts...



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

PLEASE! DON'T FEEL SO BADLY! I'M SURE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

NOT WITH ME IT WON'T BE ALL RIGHT, DARREL!



MARTHA! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND BEFORE, BUT I DO NOW.
GOOD EVENING, MISTER DANE!



YOU CAN'T TURN AWAY FROM ME LIKE THIS, MARTHA!

I'LL CALL THIS TURN... IF YOU DON'T MIND! TAXI!



For a moment Darrel Dane exerts his mighty will power... planets and stars seem to sing in their courses as he becomes...

I CAN'T FOLLOW THAT TAXI, THE SPEED IT'S GOING! THAT'S MORE A JOB FOR...



THE DOLL MAN!



AHOY THERE INSIDE! MARTHA!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE DOLL MAN'S VOICE!



IF YOU'RE TRYING TO PATCH THINGS UP, IT'S USELESS! I WOULDN'T LISTEN TO DARREL...



BUT LISTEN TO ME! TRY TO UNDERSTAND! THAT GIRL IS HYSTERICAL WITH FEAR... SHE'S ASKING FOR HELP!

FEATURE COMICS

The Doll Man tells Martha as much of Sarida Tromm's story as he knows...

THE LEAST YOU
CAN DO, MARTHA,
IS RETURN AND
TALK TO HER
YOURSELF!

VERY WELL,
I'LL GIVE HER
A CHANCE TO
EXPLAIN!
DRIVER, TURN
AROUND AND
HEAD BACK!



Meanwhile... 13

MR. DANE LEFT SO
SUDDENLY, I HARDLY
SAW HIM GO! BUT
THAT MUST BE HIS
KNOCK... I'M SO
GLAD HE
RETURNED!

KNOCK
KNOCK!



YOU!
NO!!

IF YOU START TO SCREAM
YOU WON'T LIVE TO
FINISH IT!



SOMEBODY'S COMING DOWN
THE HALL! I'LL TAKE HER OUT
THROUGH THE
WINDOW!



I TURNED BACK FROM THE
DOLL MAN BECAUSE MISS
TROMM WOULDN'T
RECOGNIZE HIM!
HERE'S THE DOOR!

IF SHE'S TRULY AFRAID, WHY
DOES SHE LEAVE
IT OPEN?



AHOY, MISS TROMM! IT'S DARREL
DANE... I'M BACK, WITH A FRIEND
TO HELP YOU...

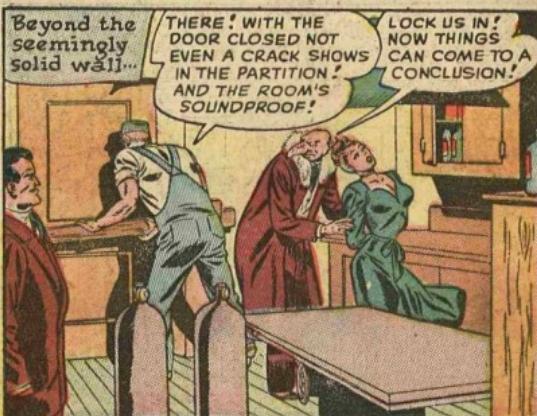
SHE'S GONE.
AND LOOK...
SIGNS OF A
STRUGGLE!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

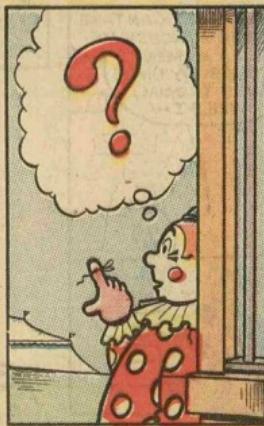


Once alone, the Doll Man's will power exerts itself...



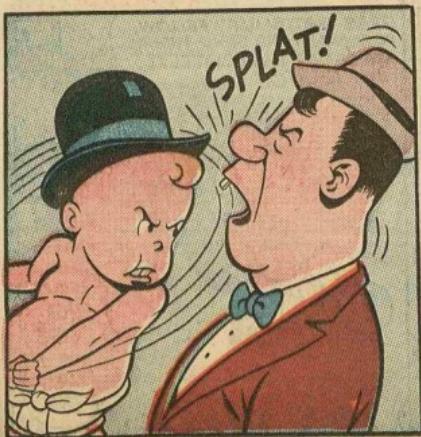
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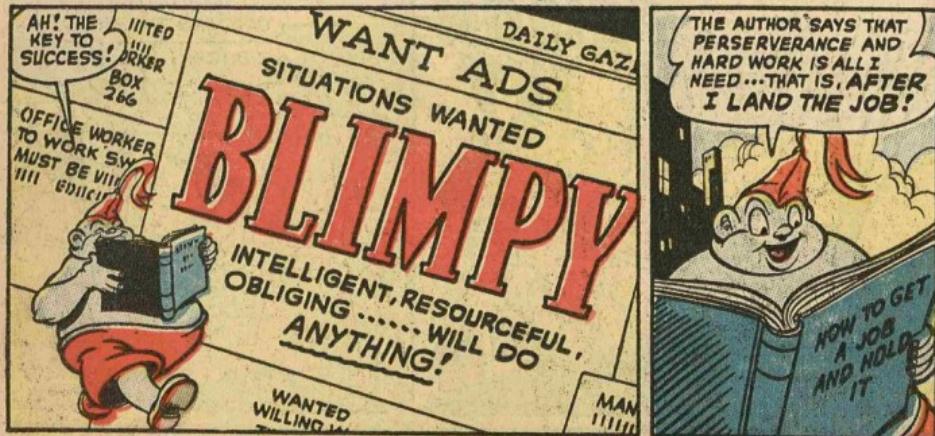
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FEATURE COMICS

POISON IVY

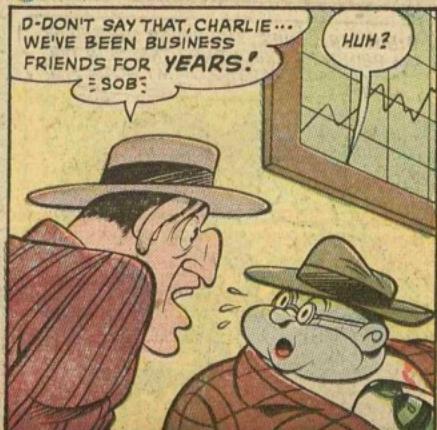




FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



SO Blimpy landed the job... and President Charlie Jones landed a fish! Then, next morning...



FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



STAGE
DOOR

FRIMMID BRUTAL
FEATURE COMICS

IF IT TAKES 'EM LONG ENOUGH
TO GET DEM CABS, I'LL GO WIT'
'EM! I AINT BEEN TO A PARTY
OF SWELLS FOR A LONG TIME!



JUST
MADE
IT!

GET OFF THAT CAB, YOU DAD-
RATED KID! HITCHIN' RIDES IS
AGAINST THE LAW!

COME
AND GET
ME 'HA,
HA, HA!

HERE WE ARE, LITTLE KIDDIES!
I HOPE MRS. EUSTACE P.
BLABBERTRAP WON'T MIND
MY KNOTTY KNEES!

THE NAME IS BOBBLETROP,
TOBY! HA-HA-HA! YOU FELLOWS
WILL CERTAINLY MAKE A HIT
WITH HER!



DIS IS REAL SPORTIN'! I'LL
MIX WIT' DE CROWD AND
DEYLL TINK I'M ONE
OF DE SOCIETY SET!



BOBBLETROP! HOLY
CATS! DIS IS WHERE I
HEISTED DE DIAMONDS
IN DE FIRST PLACE!

I WONDER
WHO HE IS?
I'M A
TOUGH
KID,
DAT'S
WHO!
HA, HA!
ISN'T
HE
CUTE?



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



IALA PALOOZA

MADAME,
I'D LIKE
TO SHOW
YOU SOME
FINE SLIP-
COVER
SAMPLES!

NO, MY
BROTHER SAYS
I MUST
ECONOMIZE!

BUT HE WON'T HAVE
TO KNOW A THING
ABOUT IT...

OH, HE'D
FIND OUT!

OH, I
WOULDN'T
DARE!

ONLY FIFTY CENTS A
WEEK! YOU COULD PAY
ME OUT OF YOUR
ALLOWANCE!

BUT I HATE TO THINK
OF YOU LOSING SUCH
A BARGAIN!

AND I'D HATE
TO LOSE MY
LIFE IF MY
BROTHER
FOUND OUT!

YOUR OWN
BROTHER
TREATS YOU
THIS WAY?

HE
SURE
DOES!

YES, HE'S
THE
MASTER
HERE....
GOOD DAY!

AND WHERE DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
GOING?

OUT!
I'M THE BOSS
AROUND HERE
YOU SAID!

AN' I
WANT A
REST!

YOU'LL EITHER
FINISH THOSE
DISHES NOW,
BROTHER DEAR...

OR I'LL GIVE
YOU A
PERMANENT
REST!

WELL, THANKS
FOR GIVING
ME A FEW
HAPPY MINUTES,
ANYWAY, DURING
THAT SALES
TALK!



LALA PALOOZA

SO HE
THREATENS
TO PUNCH
ME RIGHT

IN THE NOSE IF I DON'T
PAY HIM BACK HIS SILLY
HALF BUCK, DOES HE?



HERE'S YOUR MONEY, AND
IT AINT BECAUSE I'M
AFRAID OF A PUNCH IN
THE NOSE, EITHER!



IT'S JUST TO SHUT YOU UP,
YOU FAT FIEND, AND I WANT
YOU TO SIGN THIS
RECEIPT, TOO!



KAK!
KAK!



SO HELP ME,
I SWALLOWED
THE HALF BUCK!

OH,
THAT'S
O.K.,
VINCE!



I'D MUCH RATHER
PUNCH YOU IN THE
NOSE, ANYWAY!



AND A COUPLE MORE FOR
CALLING ME A FAT FIEND!
NOW WE'RE ALL SQUARE,
VINCE!



WELL, THERE
GOES VINCE...
BEEN OUT
CELEBRATIN'
AGAIN, I
GUESS!

WHERE'S HE GET THE
DOUGH FOR ALL THOSE
GAY TIMES? I'D HAVE
TO SWALLOW MY
PRIDE TO BE LIKE
THAT!





Rusty Ryan

THIS SHO'AM,
A INTERESTIN'-
LOOKIN' TOWN,
MISTAH RUSTY.
AH WONDER IF
THE TOWNSFOLK
IS FRIENDLY?

WE'LL SOON
KNOW, PIER-
PONT



HALT! STRANGERS, EH?
YOU'LL HAVE TO REPORT
AT THE POLICE
STATION! HOW
DO WE KNOW
YOU'RE NOT
BANDITS?

BY ALLAH,
THIS IS
NOT FRIEND-
LY TO ME!

BANDITS?



YES, THE WHOLE TOWN IS
INFESTED WITH THEM! WE
KEEP A CLOSE CHECK ON
STRANGERS! ONE OF
YOU WILL HAVE TO
COME WITH ME FOR
THE RULE,
QUESTIONING!
IF THAT'S
OKAY? I'LL
GO!



WAIT HERE
FOR ME, YOU
DON'T WORRY,
RUSTY! I'LL KEEP
TWO! AND
STAY OUT OF
TROUBLE!

DON'T WORRY,
RUSTY! I'LL KEEP
PIERPONT IN
LINE!



LET'S JES DO
A LITTLE SIGHT-
SEEIN' TO PASS
THE TIME,
ALABABA!

ALL RIGHT, BUT
WE WON'T GO
FAR! I PROM-
ISED RUSTY'
I'D KEEP YOU
OUT OF
TROUBLE!



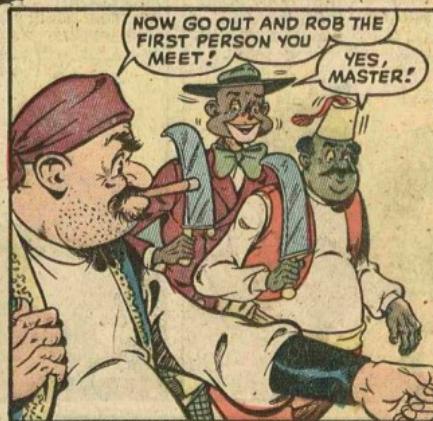
AH WONDER HOW
LONG THE POLICE
WILL KEEP MISTAH
RUSTY?
NOT LONG!
RUSTY WILL
KNOW HOW
TO HANDLE
THEM! HE CAN
PROVE WE'RE
NOT BANDITS!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



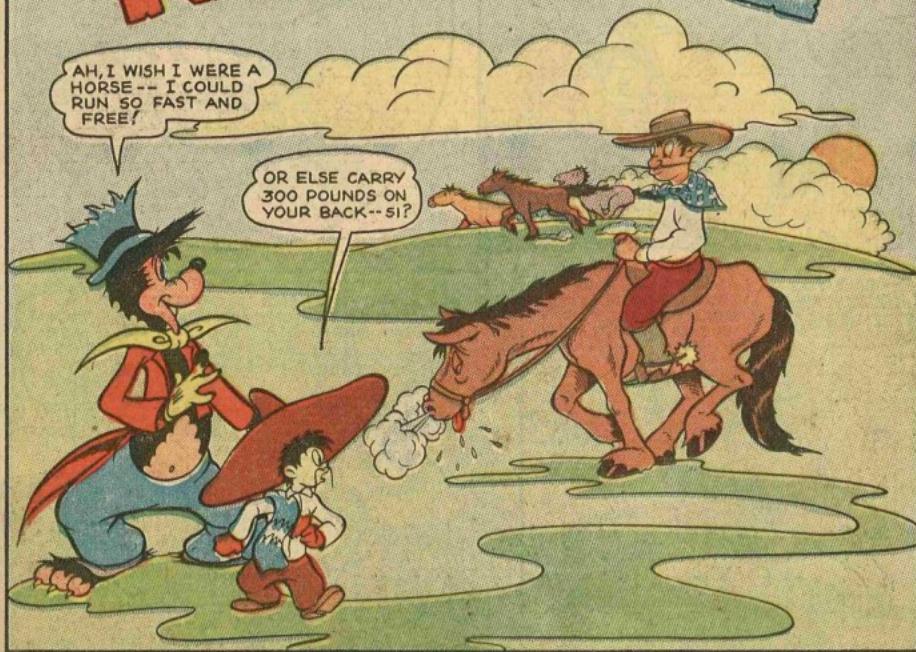
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



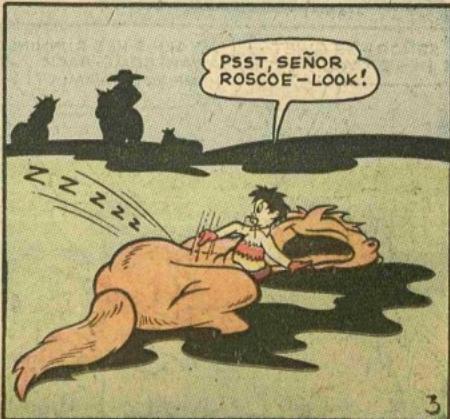
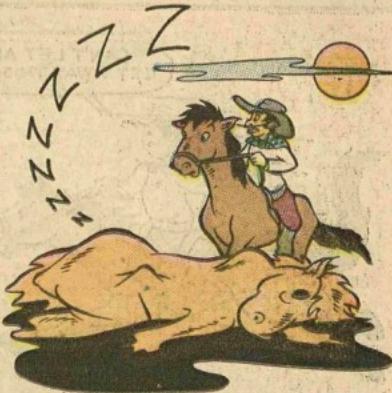
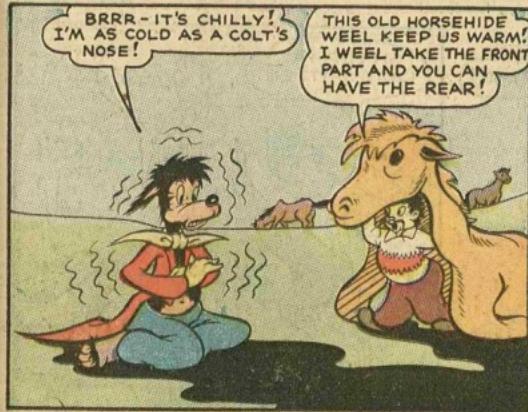
ROScoe



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



Mountain Mystery

"SINGLE with bath. Don't know how long I'll . . ." Darrel Dane, standing at the reservation desk of the big mountain lodge, broke off his sentence to stare at the feminine figure coming through the entrance.

"Hi, Darrel." The girl smiled at him mischievously. "Thought I might find you here."

"Martha!" Darrel exclaimed. "Martha Roberts! What are you doing here?" Then, suddenly conscious of the listening ears of the room clerk, Darrel pulled himself together. "Swell to see you," he said more naturally, "but I thought you were hundreds of miles away."

Quickly the two completed their arrangements for rooms. Afterward Darrel took Martha by the elbow and led her outside. "The view from this end should be spectacular," he said for the benefit of possible listeners, drawing Martha down the wide porch to a secluded corner. Then he swung her around to face him.

"All right, what goes on?" he demanded. "How did you know where to find me? If anyone else knows where I am, it'll ruin the whole scheme!"

"Don't worry," Martha reassured him. "I figured out your destination just the way you must have done, and I kept it to myself. I knew you were on the trail of Arch Spencer, the swindler and murderer. Writing up a feature on the Spencer case for my paper, I came across information that in his early days he was a guide here in the mountains. The police can't find a trace of him, but it seemed to me that a man who knew of this remote lodge, and who knew that during this off-season it would be empty of guests, might well pick it as a hideout! I tried to find you but you had disappeared—so I decided to work on my hunch and here I am."

"You're a smart deducer," Darrel said, "but I'm not so sure it was a good thing for you to come here yourself. Spencer is sure to look things over first. And if he finds anything fishy,

he may not stick around for a showdown."

"That's one reason I came. You and your fiancee, all wrapped up in each other and the mountains, should be less conspicuous than you alone!"

Darrel smiled at her. "For once, Martha, I believe you're right! Now let's get into some hiking clothes and start putting on a good impersonation of two enthusiastic mountaineers. We'll give our friend Spencer a week to show up."

For the next few days, Darrel and Martha did just that. They explored the trails and admired the magnificent views, enjoying the time as an unexpected holiday. In this early winter season the big lodge was virtually empty, attracting neither the hikers of mid-summer nor the skiers of mid-winter. Nor, in the space of six days, did the one expected guest show up. Was their hunch all wrong?

On their last day of the week, Darrel decided they'd better return the next day to civilization. Then, in casual conversation with the manager, he learned of a small cabin high in the mountains, sometimes used by overnight hikers. Not wanting to pass up a single possibility, he decided to explore it. The trail up was a tough climb, he was told, and Martha, tired from a ramble the day before, begged off to do her packing. So Darrel decided to make the hike alone.

The first part of the trail, winding through a pine forest, was easy. Then it began to climb steeply, first through stunted forest and then out above the timber line onto rocky terrain. It passed across narrow rock ledges with sheer drops of hundreds of feet yawning beneath—dangerous only if one were subject to dizzy spells, or were careless of one's footing. Finally Darrel approached the summit of the mountain, from which the views were so breathtaking that he almost forgot his purpose. He was recalled to it when he spotted a tiny cabin situated in a small declivity.

FEATURE COMICS

Approaching cautiously, Darrel could detect no sign of life. There was so little cover here on the summit that he held his breath as he circled nearer. He would make a good target for watchful eyes inside. But his approach was not challenged, and when he pushed open the door he found no occupant nor any sign that the place had been recently used. There was little to look at—an old wood-burning stove, a couple of bunks, a tipsy table and benches, and some cupboards along one wall. Opening the cupboards, Darrel whistled. Instead of finding them empty as he had expected, he saw that the shelves were filled with nonperishable supplies. Row after row of canned goods . . . enough food to feed a man for months.

Hastily Darrel left the cabin and started downward. His hunch was strengthened. It looked as if someone had carefully prepared the cabin for a hideout. A man could hole in there for the winter, sure that he would remain undiscovered. And in the spring, with the hue and cry of a search for him forgotten, he could change his identity and go his own way.

Toward the bottom of the trail, Darrel took a little cutoff—steeper than the usual route, but quicker to use in reaching the lodge. Arriving at the lodge, he scanned the big porch, but no Martha. Inside, he knocked at her door, but there was no response. Finally he sought the clerk.

"Miss Roberts?" the clerk said. "Yes, I believe I saw her starting out just a short time ago with the other guest."

"Other guest?" Darrel inquired, puzzled.

"Oh, yes," the clerk explained. "I forgot—he arrived after you left today. A Mr. Arthur Spurr—perhaps you know him?"

Arthur Spurr . . . Archer Spencer! Darrel's brain whirled. It was more than a possibility . . . and Martha had disappeared with the man! He dashed out of the lodge. There were many trails they might have taken. His only clue was his feeling that the man, if it was Spencer, would make for the cabin. And they might have passed by on the trail while Darrel was taking the cutoff.

Tired as he was, he climbed rapidly after them. They couldn't be far ahead! But he

reached the first of the rocky ledges without spotting anyone.

"Darrel! Look out!" Martha's scream came from above. The trail climbed and switched back above him, and looking up, he saw Martha struggling with a man. At the same instant the man freed himself and rolled a heavy boulder off the trail. It crashed downward, straight for Darrel. On the narrow ledge there was no place to avoid it. In a matter of seconds, Darrel decided his plan of action. A few feet down from the side of the trail grew a small pine tree. It was not strong enough to hold the weight of a man . . . but Darrel, even as he dived for the tree, changed his form. Calling upon his unique powers, he became the Doll Man, that mightiest of midgets!

In his small, doll-like form, he clung gratefully to the branches that saved him from certain death. Pulling himself up slightly he could see the figures above him. The man was laughing.

"That disposes of your companion!" he chuckled to the sobbing Martha. "You're next, my dear . . . and then a regrettable mountaineering accident will have disposed of the only two people who knew where to look for Archer Spencer!"

Even as Spencer spoke, the Doll Man was moving. The cliff above would have offered no access to a normal-sized man. To the Doll Man, a tiny crack served as an excellent chimney. Wriggling upward, he found tiny footholds and handholds. Reaching the top, the element of surprise was complete. Spencer, believing Darrel Dane dead, was completely unprepared for the blow that knocked him out.

Resuming his normal form, Darrel removed the guns from Spencer's inert form. It was with the man's own guns that Darrel and Martha later, having revived him, shepherded the murderer back down the trail, and thus brought another criminal to justice.

Later, when Darrel Dane asked Martha why she had risked her life to go with a hunted murderer, she said, simply, "A good reporter never passes up the chance for an exclusive story."

To which Darrel replied, "Next time, darling, please don't try to be that exclusive. Just take your chances with me."

FEATURE COMICS

PERKY

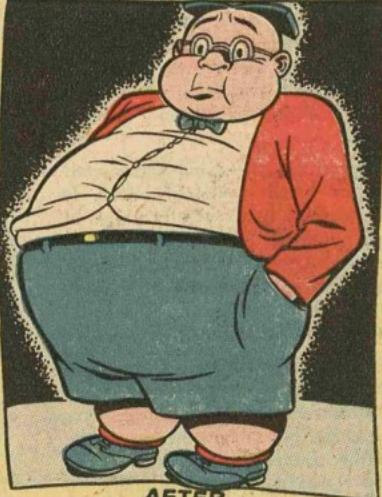
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TRY PERKY'S AMAZING NEW
ONE DAY DIET!



BEFORE
GUARANTEED TO CHANGE
YOUR APPEARANCE OVERNIGHT!

PERKY SAYS, "BEFORE I TOOK THE COURSE
I HAD NO ENERGY... NOW I'VE GOT
ENOUGH FOR TWO PEOPLE... IN FACT
I'M THE SIZE OF TWO PEOPLE!"



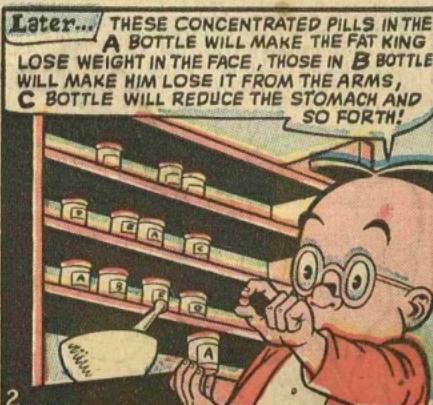
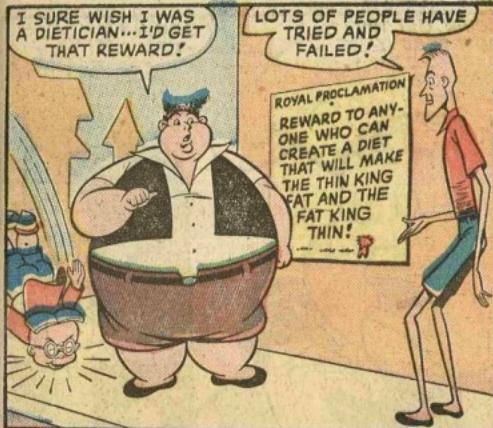
AFTER

Perky's diet of adventure takes him to many strange lands! This time he floats into FAT AND THIN LAND as he continues on his flights to worlds beyond, which began when he stepped into a magician's vanishing box and actually disappeared!



-GILL FOX-

FEATURE COMICS



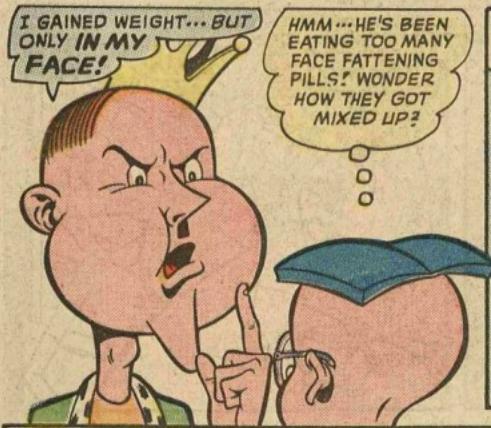
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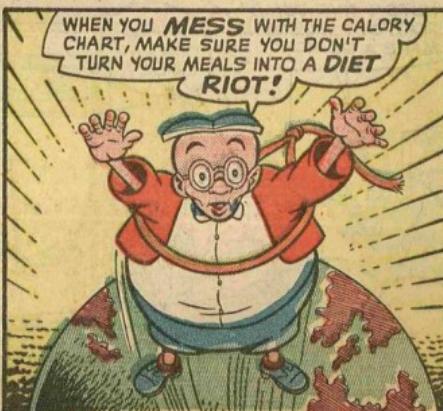
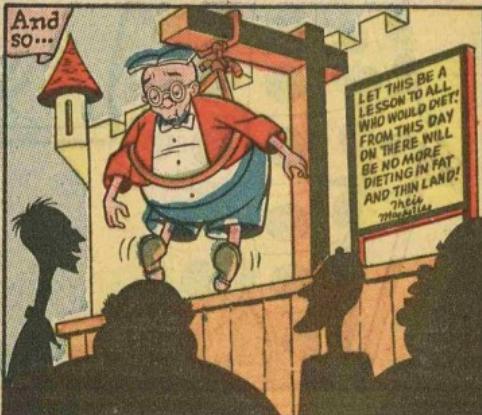
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

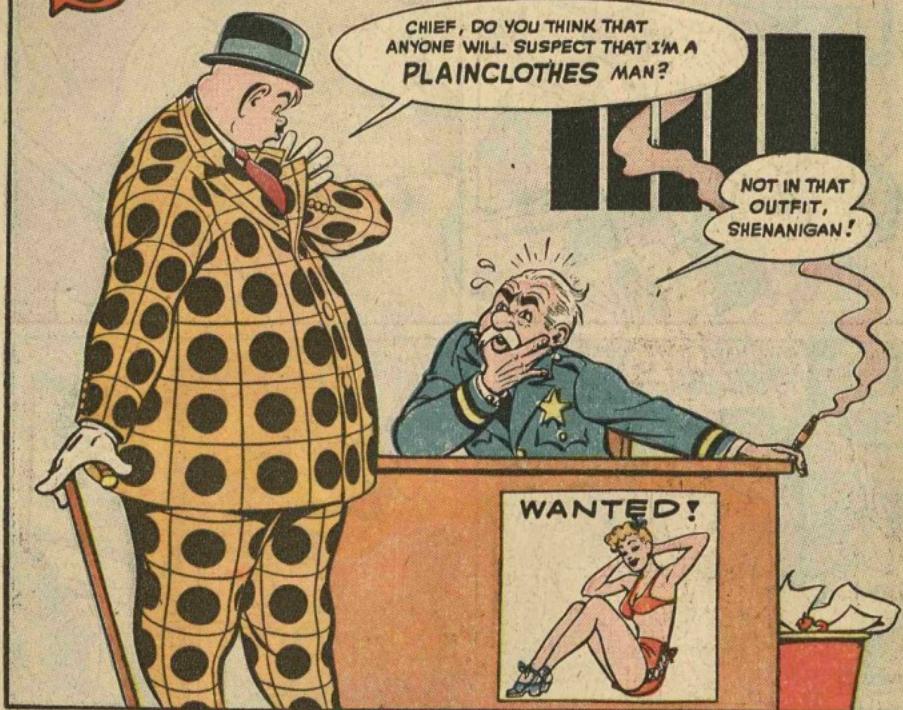


FEATURE COMICS



SHENANIGAN

by BART TUMNEY



DOES SHENANIGAN KNOW YOU MADE HIM A DETECTIVE JUST TO PLEASE HELEN HIGHWATER?

NO! HE'S SO DUMB HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW SHE'S IN LOVE WITH HIM!



I'VE ASSIGNED THEM BOTH TO CATCH THE SOCIETY SAFECRACKER!

IF THAT GUY ISN'T CAUGHT SOON, WELL ALL LOSE OUR JOBS! HE'S ROBBING ALL THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN TOWN!



WHEN THE CHIEF IS IN HOT WATER AND NEEDS A REALLY SMART DETECTIVE, WHO DOES HE TURN TO?

HA! AT LAST, HE'S HAD TO ADMIT THAT I AM THE BEST MAN ON THE FORCE!



OFFICER SHENAN-I-GAN!

I'M SORRY, MISS HIGHWATER, BUT I'M WORKING ON A VERY IMPORTANT CASE! SOME OTHER TIME, PERHAPS!



BUT I'M WORKING ON THE SAFECRACKER CASE WITH YOU! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

WHAT? I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! THE CHIEF SAID THIS WAS MY CASE!



SNIFF! I-I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MIND IF I JUST TAGGED ALONG!
SOB!

WELL, MAYBE I COULD USE AN ASSISTANT...BUT DON'T FOUL ME UP! THE CHIEF IS COUNTING HEAVILY ON MY SOLVING THIS CASE!



FEATURE COMICS

AS MY ASSISTANT, I'LL LET YOU WORK OUT THE MINOR DETAILS!

FOR INSTANCE, HOW WE CAN CATCH THAT SOCIETY SAFECRACKER RIGH-T- HANDED!



I'VE ALREADY WORKED OUT THAT DETAIL, OFFICER SHENANIGAN! SOONER OR LATER THE THIEF HASN'T ALREADY BEEN ROBBED!

GOOD! SOONER OR LATER THE THIEF WILL PROBABLY TRY TO ROB THAT HOME, TOO!



THERE'S ONE OTHER SMALL DETAIL I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO MONKEY WITH! WHO IS THE SOCIETY SAFE-CRACKER?

I'VE FIGURED THAT OUT, TOO!



I CHECKED ALL THE FAMILIES THAT WERE ROBBED AND FOUND THAT DR. HYDE IS FAMILY PHYSICIAN TO ALL OF THEM!

YOU MEAN THE FAMOUS PHYSICIAN?



YES! HE HAD BEEN ON CALLS TO ALL OF THOSE HOMES SHORTLY BEFORE THE STUFF WAS MISSED! HE'S OUR MAN, OFFICER SHENANIGAN... I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION ON IT!



BUT HYDE IS JUST A DOCTOR! SAFE-CRACKING TAKES REAL TALENT AND YEARS OF TRAINING!

I KNOW! BUT HE'S EVIDENTLY FOUND SOME NEW EASY WAY TO OPEN SAFES WITHOUT LEAVING A MARK! I'M SURE OF THAT!

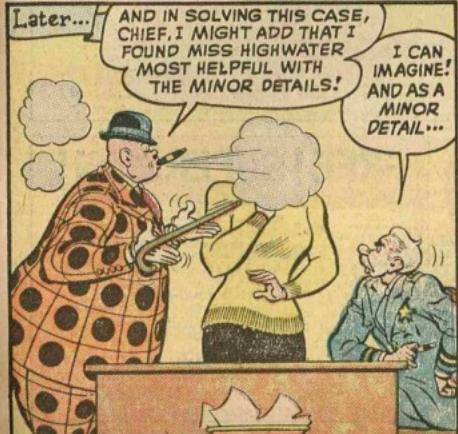
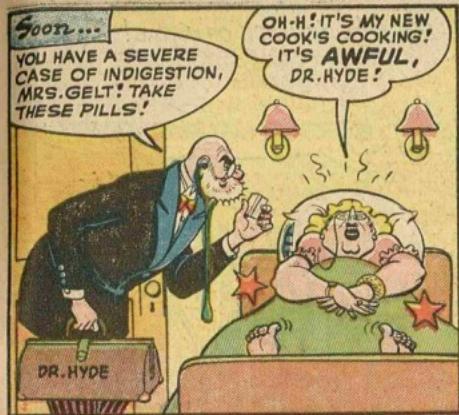


YOU CAN KEEP WATCH OVER IN THOSE BUSHES, OFFICER!

THE MADAM SHOULD BE NEEDING DR. HYDE BY NOW! I COOKED HER LUNCH!



FEATURE COMICS



BOYS!

Look at all
the
Spectacular
Buzz-With-
Action
Models you can build,
with

ERECTOR®

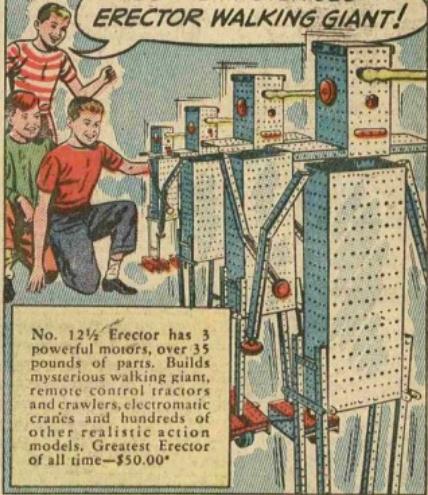
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ERECTOR
HAS GIRDERS OF
STEEL—TO
BUILD LIKE REAL!



LOOK! HE'S MADE OF METAL!
HE HAS ELECTRIC EYES! HE
WALKS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS
ERECTOR WALKING GIANT!



No. 12½ Erector has 3
powerful motors, over 35
pounds of parts. Builds
mysterious walking giant,
remote control tractors
and crawlers, electro-matic
cranes and hundreds of
other realistic action
models. Greatest Erector
of all time—\$50.00*

THIS GIANT FERRIS WHEEL HAS
ELECTRIC LIGHTS...OPERATES IN
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dad can buy for \$19.95*

Fun with Erector starts the moment you open the big box and start to assemble girders, wheels, gears and other parts. Erector parts have equi-distant holes, so that you just count the holes to put them together. No other construction set builds the square girder with interlocking edges and contains so many parts. Curved, straight and giant steel girders. Metal base plates. Real engineering bolts and nuts. 5 kinds of gears. Electric engine. Electro-magnet. Electric lights. Engineer's shack. Boiler shells. Giant flywheel parts. Automobile wheels. See the new Erectors wherever toys are sold.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher.

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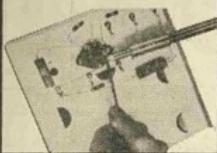
Street.....

City..... State.....

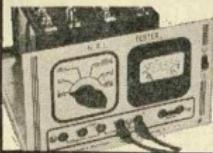
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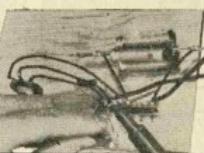
YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



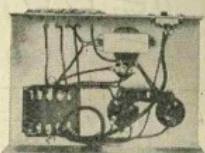
YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you earn extra money fixing neighbors' radios in spare time.



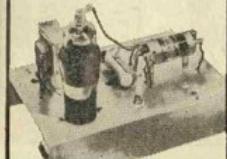
YOU BUILD special radio circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



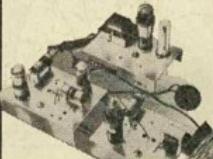
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting power pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.



YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



You Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE With This Superheterodyne Receiver

You build this complete, powerful radio receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.

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IN SPARE TIME

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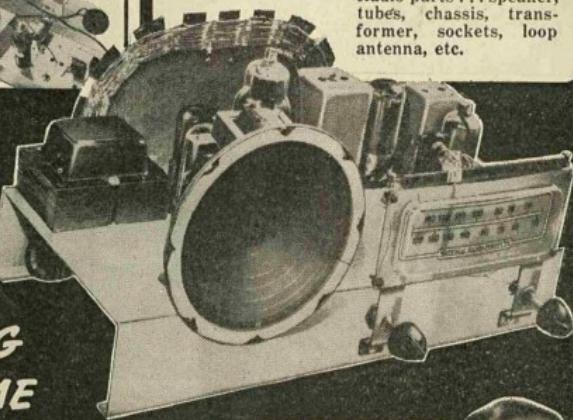
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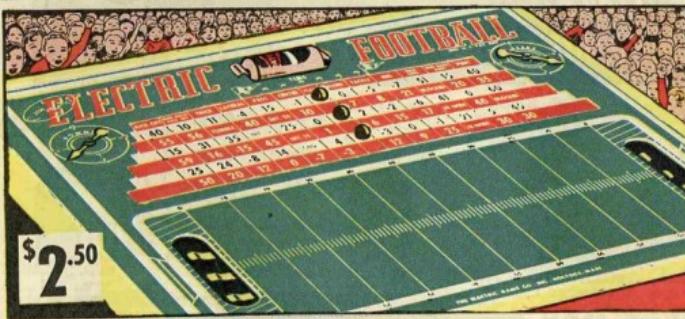


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Play
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Rain
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**GET SET FOR
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This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win — to outsmart, outplay your mate. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination . . . go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one bummer of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderous pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

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